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*FRANCE AND BELGIUM*  
Color Etching by Joseph Pierre Nuytens

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## The Fourth Liberty Loan

Lend As They Fight

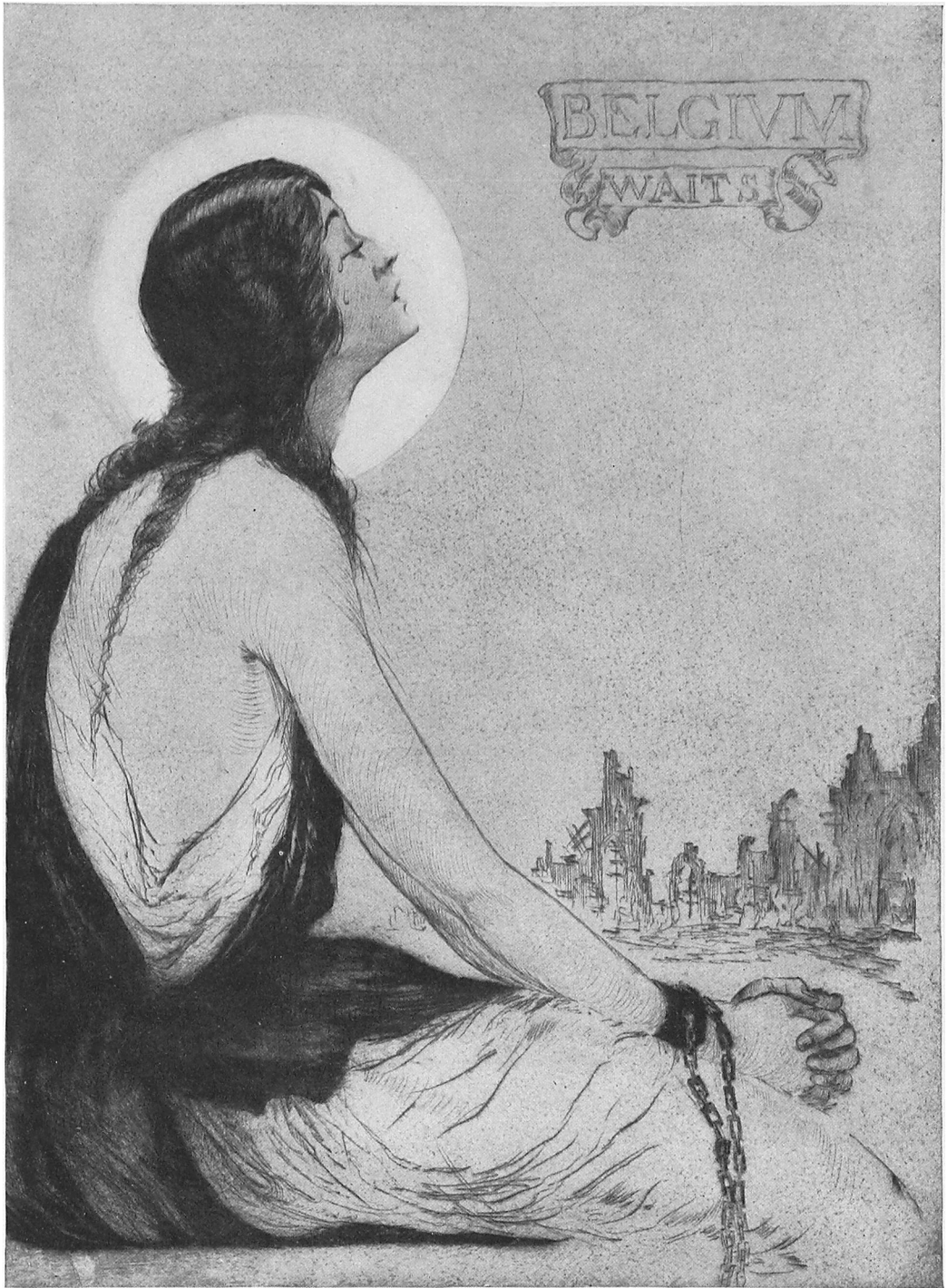
By E. F. LAPHAM

ONCE more we hear our country's call for all to fall in line for service.

Each one of us is expected to do his duty with the same responsibility as though he were in the front-line trenches. I have felt sometimes that there were some of us who did not fully appreciate the necessity for self-sacrifice and service: who seemed not to realize we are in a war to the death; that our future and our children's future depend upon our active and unselfish support of the Government. We

must not for a minute consider business interest or self-comforts when our personal service or money is needed to further our country's efforts in winning the war.

Our citizens have responded generously to every demand which the war has made, and will continue to do so as long as our country calls. I regret to hear of a few exceptions to this generous response. It is almost unbelievable, but there are well rated firms who refused to give to the Red Cross or subscribe to the Liberty Loan be-



BELGIUM WAITS—IN CHAINS, PROUD  
BELGIUM STILL CAN RAISE HER HEAD, HER  
STOUT HEART TRUSTING TO A BETTER DAY.  
WE DARE NOT FAIL HER. SHE HAS SHED  
HER BLOOD. OUR BLOOD AND GOLD ARE  
PLEGGED TO HER FOR FREEDOM

*Color etching by Joseph Pierre Nuytens*  
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BELGIUM'S GRATITUDE—THE HEAD THAT NEVER BOWED BEFORE OPPRESSION BENDS GRATEFULLY TO KISS THE FLAG OF FREEDOM. HER CAUSE IS OURS AND WHERE OUR FLAG HAS GONE OUR HEART GOES AND OUR TREASURE CAN BUT FOLLOW

1863 | Color etching by Joseph Pierre Nuytens  
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cause, as they said, they could not afford to do so. What stuff these men are made of God knows—I don't—when there have been so many men who deemed no sacrifice too great to make for their country; and if you had heard Major Atkinson of the Salvation Army tell of the boys in Major Roosevelt's command being in the trenches twenty-one days without their boots being off, most of the time standing in slime and water, and then, when Major Roosevelt, with nineteen of his boys, was wounded, he refusing aid until his comrades were attended to,—when you hear of these splendid and unselfish acts and then hear of such creatures as I have mentioned—don't you feel you would like to belong to a firing squad?

We all know that many in trades not essential have had their business curtailed in numerous ways by war's necessities, and many of our incomes have been reduced or entirely wiped out for the present. But who is there so selfish as to care what happens to him as an individual as long as he has anything left to give, either in money or service, when others are giving their all—even life itself?

There are many instances of which we are acquainted where men are making great sacrifices for duty's sake. For instance, a Chicago artist with a wife and child had a commission already in hand assuring him of an income of \$15,000 a year. He gave this up, and enlisted as a private, saying he was simply doing the right thing. How many of us are willing to do likewise? Is it not a fact that today we are living in the same old way and under the same standards we did three years ago? And have not some of us complained because we were required to eat war bread, and solicited to give something to the various war organizations? And if we have done so, we have been quite satisfied with ourselves; and, when a demand like the present is made upon us, we are likely to question what we can afford,—not to give but to subscribe,—at a good rate of inter-

est, with the safest security in the world. What you can afford to subscribe is every dollar you can raise or borrow. Do you think our boys who, early in the war, heard the call of duty and volunteered, stopped to consider the cost or to figure out whether they could afford to go?

Let me quote from a letter recently published after the Chateau Thierry drive:

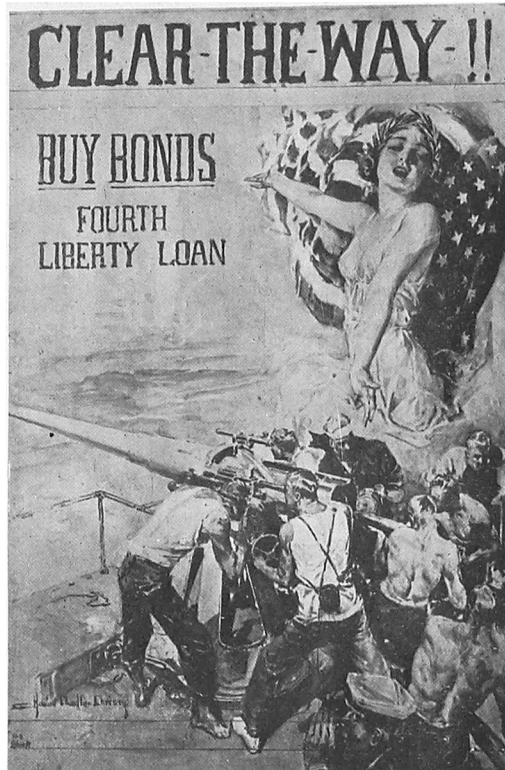
"The hospitals in and about Paris are jammed with our heroic boys. Some are terribly injured, many fatally, and thousands with minor, though painful, injuries. All the hospitals sent out calls for volunteers to assist in any way, and I was more than glad of the opportunity to do my bit. I worked all night last Saturday. It seems like a horrible nightmare to me. I was assigned to the X-ray and operating rooms, my duties being to carry the boys to the operating tables after their examination.

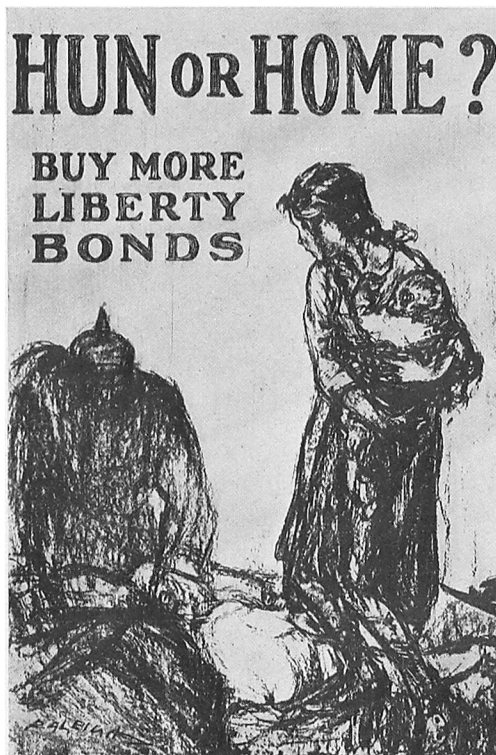
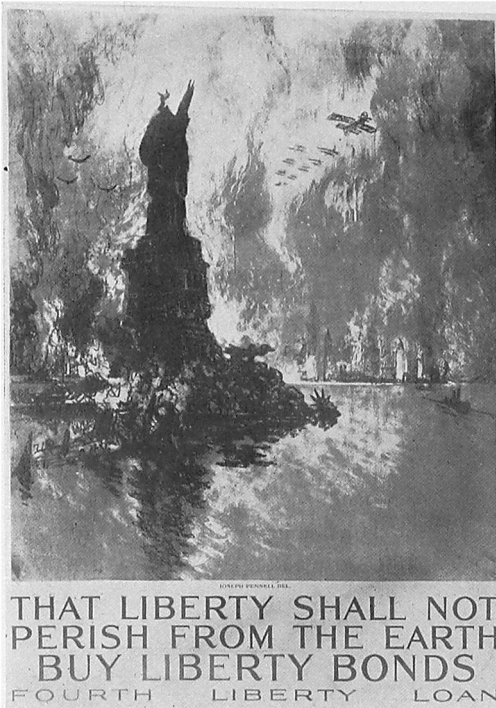
"The frightful injuries were mostly from bursting shells and shrapnel. Arms, legs, hands, feet, whole sections of their faces gone, all conscious and never a whimper.

"If our dear people back home could spend but one night in this charnel-house, and there are hundreds like it all over France, they would quickly realize that war consists of more than parades and band music and applauding multitudes. These self-sacrificing doctors and nurses, all Americans, had passed their seventy-second hour without rest or sleep."

And another writes:

"It is American blood that is flowing now. God grant it may give America some strength to realize what we are up against. When you are out on a shell-swept hill and the shells are going by like bats out of hell, as the soldiers say, and it is as dark as the grave, and every man stands strong and true camouflaging his own feelings for your sake and for the sake of what he has back home, meatless days and wheatless days and Liberty Bond campaigns seem cheap as your support of him in such an hour."





And a marine writes recently:

"But God, it has been awful. Our battalion, which consisted of 1,400 men, came out yesterday 270 men; the rest are casualties. Dante could not with his imagination conceive of what it has been. How I lived through and still have my right mind, I will never know."

Mr. Louis Post, Assistant Secretary of Labor, recently stated:

"It will be a crying shame for any rich man to come out of this war rich as he was when the war began."

The following is a part of a prose song found on a German prisoner:

"Stoop not to effeminate pity for women and children.

Often the son of the vanquished was afterward victor.

What is victory worth if tomorrow comes revenge?

What father would you be if you killed your enemy and left alive his son?

Sons of Germany, to arms! Forward!

Smite! Shatter! Overthrow! Pierce and lay waste! Burn!

Kill! Kill! Kill!"

When we read such sentiments, we can have an appreciation of why we must win the war—and we are going to win if all stand back of the Government, of which we are a part. The President says: "We are all partners and must stand and strive together." And when we hear the following told by Judge Ben Lindsey, direct from the battle-fields of France, is it not a glorious feeling to know we are a partner of our Government, helping to wipe out those terrible wrongs to all humanity? Judge Lindsey told of a wounded boy, only seventeen years old, that he saw in a hospital—one of the fighting marines who had lied about his age to get into the service. The boy's nurse told him to tell the Judge what he had told her, and he seemed to work up to the limit of his strength when he said:

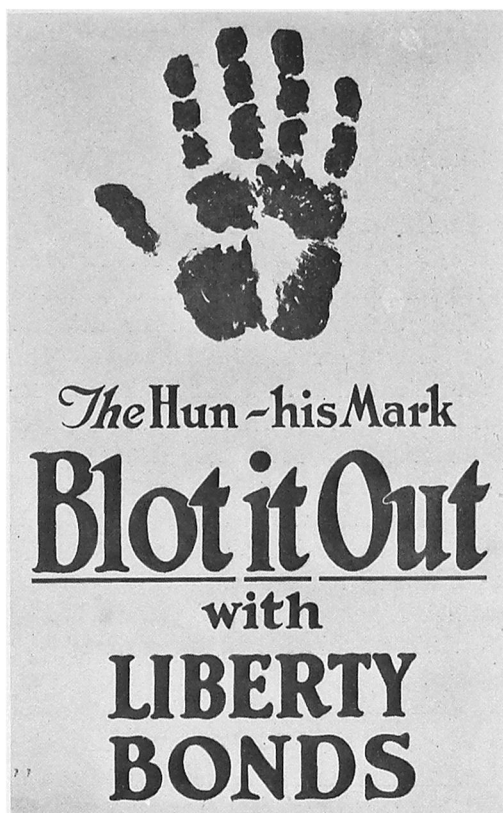
"Yes, I was with 'em. I was a bugler,



and when things got so hot up there my pal, or one of the boys near me, suddenly tumbled forward and his rifle went sprawling out beyond, and before I knew it I threw the bugle away and I picked up that rifle and I began to shoot hell out of them Huns." And then turning with his face to the light and a smile upon his lips that was almost beautiful in its simplicity and its sweetness, he said: "I tell you, Judge, this hyer war ain't no musician's job, no-how."

Judge Lindsey also tells of the big gun sending a shell into the Church of St. Gerlaise, Paris, and the experience of one woman who was present at the terrible slaughter of innocent women and children at that time. She said:

"I want you to know what my own eyes beheld on that holy afternoon. When the hellish deed was committed that snuffed out so many lives, Mme. Du'pay was with me. She had given two sons to France; she had her little six-year-old boy along. He sat next to her and presently there came a great hideous bang of that horrible instrument of Prussian death to women and children through the very ceiling of that sacred place, and down came the debris, and up came the shrieks of the dying, and the awful tumult and confusion that followed is something I will never forget. Presently I looked down at my feet and I saw the pale face of little Paul, the blood gushing from his mouth, and a heavy stone upon his little breast crushing the life out of his frail form. And, moving the stone away, his mother reached down hysterically and she grabbed the child up into her arms. She went to the image of the Blessed Virgin, to an altar nearby, with the blood of the child gushing over the statue, as you can see it there, and that mother of France prayed to God that he would spare her last baby. Then, presently, when we thought the life had gone out of it, the child raised up and there came a light into his eyes. He threw his arms around his mother and in



a loud voice that was heard all around he said, with his last dying gasp, 'Mother, don't cry. I die for France.' And he died in his mother's arms."

The Judge also talked with a Red Cross girl who had driven an ambulance in the midst of that shell fire, of that hellish thing of death to women and children. She had taken a mother (that had given two sons to France) with a daughter and her little girl to a place of safety, as she thought. She returned to them. And "Oh," she said, "the horror of it all. A shell had landed there. The mother was decapitated; the daughter had lost both her limbs, and that poor little baby girl was in the last agonies of death, with its little arms shattered into shreds." "And when I told a French colonel what I had heard, he said: 'Would you not like to help?' And I said: 'You bet I would like to help!' And I was allowed to fire a shell, and I prayed God that it would blow some of those damn scoundrels to pieces."

And who is there of us who does not want to help and to put up the money to send shells on their holy mission of wiping out the terrible Hun? And if what I have quoted is not enough to stir your blood to unselfish action, then listen further to Judge Lindsey:

"When I came out on the North Sea, we passed over the spot where a hospital ship had gone down a few days before—a hospital ship marked as a hospital ship—gone down with the bodies of sweet women from Canada coming to minister not less to the Boche prisoners than to our own boys on that God-given errand of mercy under the flaming banner of the Red Cross. In the lifeboats they were pleading for their lives, and that submarine had turned its hideous shells upon those lifeboats and blown those women to pieces and here floated their helpless bodies, their entrails all about the top of the ocean, the poor mutilated bodies of women unnecessarily sent to their destruction lest there be some tale

to be told about the brutality of the Hun."

Is it not a joy to know every dollar subscribed to the forthcoming Liberty Loan will encourage our soldiers and depress our fiendish enemies? This loan will prove a real test of loyalty, and our willingness to make sacrifices, necessarily small in comparison with the eager, unselfish willingness of our soldier boys who are doing their part so nobly and with such enthusiasm, courage and success, setting the high standard we must measure up to. Dare we refuse our dollars when they are giving their lives? And if you shirk, what will your own conscience do to you in the years to come? And what will your children think if you fail in doing your duty in this, our country's hour of need?

President Wilson says: "This is a year of emancipation. Not until it is won can men anywhere live free from constant fear or breathe freely while they go about their daily task. It is a war industry must sustain. To fail to win would be to imperil everything we have striven for and held dear since freedom first had its dawn. We realize that we are comrades, dependent one upon another, irresistible when united, powerless when divided."

When the war is over and the victory won, we want to have a country and world in which little children will grow up to manhood and womanhood and know that we have fought a war worth fighting and we have passed on to them, a country worth living in.

I cannot help but think how small and selfish some men can be when they say, "I am tired of giving and cannot do any more," when I compare them with a Canadian boy whom I recently met, who is one of eighty-five men returning alive out of a regiment of 2,500 who were told they must take and hold the line in the face of overwhelming numbers, which they did. This boy went over the top seven times in one night, and 132 times altogether. He does not say he

has had enough even now. Though back with the loss of a leg, he is still working and pleading with others to "carry on." So let us also be true, unselfish, patriotic citizens; and God help those who are not, for sooner or later they will be found out. And who of us at that time would want to stand in their place? Let us continue to give so we can live under conditions that will make life worth living and the world a better place: continue to give to every worthy war cause, and then, whatever is left, loan to the Government, which, though a patriotic act, is also good business, for you are safeguarding your own family, and perhaps your money is paying for the ammunition that may help to protect the life of your own boy and the world's freedom, and also help pay for the ship that may bring him back to you all-victorious.

The head of one of our large commercial houses told his people if there was any employe, officer or stockholder that failed to do their utmost for the Liberty Loan, they would go. This is the spirit we must have to make good to our Government and retain our own self-respect.

Pershing's boys have advanced their line far toward Potsdam and are still on their way; so it is necessary for us to advance ours at home in order that supplies may go forward—so they may have the necessary food and ammunition to keep the Hun on the run—all of which takes money, which the Liberty Loan slogan states: "We must lend as they fight." And may God bless all those that give, and give and give. And may the contempt of all people be turned upon those, big or little, wealthy or humble, who fail to do their part in this eventful and patriotic hour.

Here are a few statistics that I want you to read and reread and then take them to bed with you. They have been carefully compiled and are a summons to every patriot be he rich or be he poor. The bugle calls, and may its notes reach Berlin, *and your heart.*

#### "What Will a Liberty Bond Buy for 'My Boy, Over There?'"

SUPPOSE you have a son with the American Expeditionary Force, and suppose that you are a steady buyer of Liberty Loan Bonds—did you ever ask yourself what 'Your boy' gets out of it, when you lay down a new \$100 bill and say, "I want another hundred dollar Liberty Loan Bond." It is interesting to know; and here are some facts and figures officially made up by the War Department:

Your Hundred Dollar Liberty Bond will buy your boy one outfit of clothing and sleeping gear, amounting to \$91.63. The "change" is \$8.37 and that is just enough to give him his "eats" for nineteen and a half days.

This war is now in its fifth year—has been running on about 1,500 days. The nineteen and a half days' board left for the boy out of your Hundred Dollar Liberty Bond wouldn't amount to much, would it, if the fighting should go on a few years more? That \$91.63 outfit would be pretty well used up at the end of a few months of campaigning, don't you think so?

That's just the point; your Hundred Dollar War Bond shows the best possible disposition on your part; but unless you buy more than one of them, somebody else has to put up money to keep your boy's hungry stomach lined with bacon and fighting food.

That illustrates in a simple way the urgent necessity for liberality in buying Fourth Liberty Loan Bonds. What you gave the Government on the first, second and third loans has been used up long ago. Your boy is "over there" risking his life and all that makes life dear to a boy—risking everything he has every minute of the day. Surely it is "up to you" to do absolutely all you can to keep that boy fed and clothed and cared for. At that, there will be a pretty large margin of necessity over what you can do unless you are a rich man. But you must do your very best. You must buy every Fourth Liberty Loan Bond.

## The Fourth Liberty Loan

IT is said that Americans dearly love the dramatic, the spectacular. If so, it will appeal to their sense of nicety of setting that the Fourth Liberty Loan is to be launched just at the time when the American fighting units are so ably demonstrating their ability to stem the tide of barbarism and, eventually, to lead on to victory.

As Alexander Dana Noyes puts it: "Not since the advance of the German army into France in 1914, culminating in the disastrous reverses on the Marne in September, has interest been so keen in war news. . . . That it would be American divisions which, barely fifteen months after America's declaration of war, would stop the German invasion at its nearest approach to Paris, and that American troops would be coöperating, in formidable numbers, in the blow which crushed the German right flank, was a chapter in history which the boldest prophet had not ventured to predict. Nothing was missing in the dramatic array: the complete surprise to allies, to enemy, and to the American people themselves; the effective reinforcements of Americans on the German front at just the time when Germany was protesting to its people that the Americans could not possibly get there; and, finally, the French people's enthusiastic celebration of our national holiday in recognition of what our soldiers had done—the thing which had not been expected of them before 1919."

The onrush of American soldiery has enthralled the world. Nor is credit for our national pre-eminence at this time due alone to our fighters. Announcement on the eve of the Fourth of July that we had already over a million men on the fighting line, and the further announcement that the movement would continue at the rate of nearly one hundred thousand a week, means that

the great, silent machinery of organization is grinding its way into perfection of detail. The extraordinary facts concerning our ship construction in the fiscal year ending in June, showing that the tonnage of our merchant ships is four times that of the previous twelve months, prove that the U-boat menace is neutralized. Truly, we Americans feel that we have a right at this time to throw out our chests and quote Caesar's famous boast: "Veni, vidi, vici."

But stay a moment! How are all of these colossal undertakings, as well as infinite numbers of others of equal importance, to be kept at the high-water mark of efficiency? As hard-headed, business-like, determined American citizens, we know the answer—know it without any beating about the bush. The only possible way is through money—and yet more money. Expense is not to be considered in this war. It would be petty—undemocratic—un-American to consider it at this crucial time. Every American is so proud of his army, his navy, his fighting marines, his ships, his airplanes, his tanks, that he feels it, not his duty, but his sacred privilege to contribute every cent which he can spare, and then several that he feels that he cannot, for their maintenance.

Such an American knows that the fight is not nearly over, but only well begun. It is not enough to *stop* the Hun, he must be *defeated*. Floyd Gibbons, *Chicago Tribune* correspondent at the front, who is just recovering from some very bad wounds which resulted in the loss of an eye, and who has been decorated with the Croix de Guerre, writes, from the depth of his experience:

"The Hun is going to propose to give up Alsace-Lorraine and Belgium and to pay all sorts of indemnities, and there will be those who will say: 'Now that we have



licked the Hun, let us accept his proposals and save our boys the casualties next year.' That is our great danger. We must put up a stern front against such talk. This war has got to be gone through with to the end. There must be a military decision in our favor, no matter what it costs, *and it is going to cost.* The public's spinal column must be strengthened to meet the issue. More men, airplanes, munitions and ships are needed.

"My message is to tell every man capable of bearing a gun to get into the army and to get into it quick. The only thing that the German understands is force, and we must supply it in greater weight than he can. And, by the way, get it out of your heads that the German morale is low. There are some old men and some raw boys who cannot stand the gaff. Some of these fight half-heartedly and surrender. The Germans are putting these in the rear. But if you could see eight machine gunners in a nest charged by us on three sides, and fighting till every man is bayoneted; if you could see wave on wave of shock troops coming up against the certain death of our machine guns and artillery fire, you would change your opinion of the morale of the Germany army."

Realization that the finer and greater parts of the German army can be downed only by force backed by dollars can but steel the determination of the American people to see this war through to its right ending. We are now past the first burst of enthusiasm, past depression over difficult situations; we have settled down to the grim business of war. We have reached the place where the real sentiment of the people will be reflected in their actions. The time has definitely come for each one to do his or her part. The coming loan affords the best possible opportunity for all of us

to show that determination unmistakably to the world, to cheer our allies, and to hasten our participation in the war on the scale necessary for final victory.

Enough has surely been said in the three previous drives to convince everyone of the actual value to himself in the purchase of Liberty Bonds. The fourth loan offers just as great attractions as an investment. It is expected that it will bear  $4\frac{1}{2}\%$  interest and will serve as a nucleus of savings which will prove of inestimable benefit to any family. We do not feel inclined to harp upon the selfish benefits to be derived from taking out Liberty Loans. We feel that we would rather, in closing, tell you how France financed her *eighth* notice, the eighth loan last spring.

No money was spent in expensive advertising; no vaudeville artists or "movie" stars strained their voices in harangues to the crowds; no daughters of leading statesmen ascended in balloons or climbed ladders, not even did dignified Four-Minute Men find their services necessary. This is the way that brave, glorious, patriotic, golden-hearted little France raised the loan which must have been a tremendous drain upon her resources: For several days preceding that for which the loan was set, the papers made formal announcement of the date. On that morning the banks, commercial houses, clearing houses, etc., opened at the usual hour and closed at the usual hour. And during that time, without solicitation, without the spectacular, the dramatic, the sensual, France had subscribed her eighth loan. Can America do less? This example of France's determination and business-like procedure should formulate in our minds the solemn promise to ourselves that we will never again wait to be solicited for any loan or gift to the United States of America.—C. B.



MARY PICKFORD, LIBERTY LOAN SALESLADY DE LUXE